

# 1997 Venture Trip

August 3 – August 15

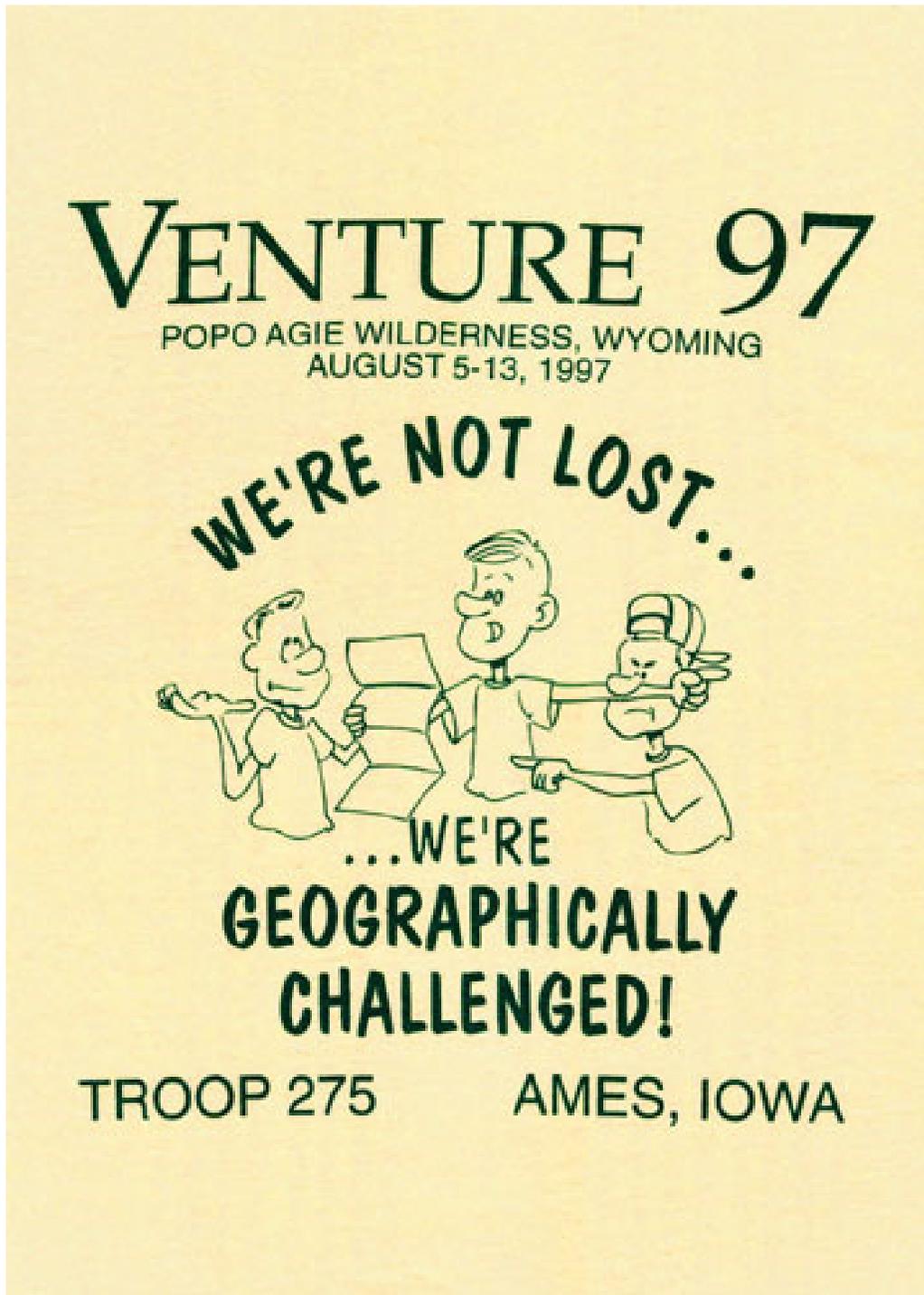
Popo Agie, Shoshone National Forest, Wyoming  
Troop 275 – Ames, Iowa

**1997 Venture Crew Photo:**



**Back L to R:** 1) Matt Hinders, 2) Doug Houghton, 3) Matt Helland, 4) Russ Parkin  
**Front L to R:** 5) Phil Gillott, 6) Greg Elliott, 7) Tim Parkin, 8) Tom Meyer

**1997 Venture Crew T-shirt:**



**1997 Map(s):**

n/a



## 1997 Venture Crew Journal

Troop 275 Venture Trip  
 Popo Agie Wilderness, WY  
 August 3-15, 1997

### Preface

This journal reports on the backpacking trip taken by the Venture Crew of Boy Scout Troop 275 (Ames, Iowa). The Venture Crew consists of experienced boy scouts, who, with one exception all have attained the rank of Life Scout. The new member, Matt Hinders, has just joined the troop, but at 15 years old has aspirations of attaining Eagle Scout.

From January 1997 to May 1997, the Venture Crew met 2 times a month to prepare for this trip. Preparation included not only planning the details of where and when the trip would be taken, but also included training in equipment use, safety, first aid, cooking, and backcountry ethics. Most of the dehydrated trail food we prepared ourselves. Menus and preparation instructions are provided in Appendix 2.

We decided to go to the Popo Agie Wilderness area of the Shoshone National Forest, Wyoming. A detailed description of the Wilderness area is provided in Appendix 1. Our 13 day trip (including 4 driving days) started on August 3, and ended on August 13. We spent 8 days hiking a total of approximately 55 miles and had a conservation project work day at the end of our trip.

We had a fabulous trip.

	Mile s	Journey	Significant Event(s)
<b>Day 1</b> Aug 3	500	Drive Ames to Ogallala via Highway 80	Heading out. THE Aisle. Sling-shots and Fishing Supplies from Cabelas. Swim, Sling-shot, & Fixing the Tent in Ogallala.
<b>Day 2</b> Aug 4	500	Ogallala to Dickinson Creek Camp Ground via Highway 80, State Road, Trout Creek & Moccasin Lake Roads	An early start. Cruising the streets of Lander. Reaching the Mountains. Getting Organized.
<b>Day 3</b> Aug 5	6	Dickinson Creek Campground to Smith Lake via Smith Lake Trail	Rain. Scenic Views. First Fishing of the Trip. Rain!
<b>Day 4</b> Aug 6	6	Smith Lake to Dickinson Creek Campground via Smith Lake Trail	Clearing skies. Russ' Boot Failure. Climbing Thunder Peak.
<b>Day 5</b> Aug 7	8	Dickinson Creek Campground to North Fork-Pinto Park Trail Junction via North Fork Trail	Sunny Weather. Bear Tracks. River Crossings. More Fishing.
<b>Day 6</b> Aug 8	5	Day Hike to Lower Baer Lake via Pinto Park Trail	Uphill to Baer Lake. Playing in the River. More Fishing.
<b>Day 7</b>	7	North Fork-Pinto Park Trail Junction to Lizard	Hiking in the valleys. A Beautiful Campsite.

Aug 9		Head Meadow via North Fork Trail	
<b>Day 8</b> Aug 10	5	Day Hike to Lonesome Lake and the Jackass Pass at the Continental Divide via N Fork and Big Sandy Pass Trails	Lonesome Lake and the Continental Divide. Snow Play. Fishing. Rain. Rain. Rain.
<b>Day 9</b> Aug 11	12	Lizard Head Meadow to "Hail Lake" via North Fork, Lizard Head, and Bears Ears Trails	A Long Uphill Day. Above the Tree Line. Hail.
<b>Day 10</b> Aug 12	6	"Hail Lake" to Bears Ears Trail Head & Dickinson Creek Campground via Bears Ears Trail	Our last day on the trail. Downhill. A Leisurely Hike.
<b>Day 11</b> Aug 13	0	Work Day	Building Fence. Chasing Cows.
<b>Day 12</b> Aug 14	500	Drive Dickinson Creek to Ogallala	Hot Showers. Pizza. Greg's Birthday.
<b>Day 13</b> Aug 15	500	Drive Ogallala to Ames	A Blur. A Great Trip. Good to Get Home.

**Day 1 - Sunday, August 3.**

*Quote of the Day: "You boys get away from there." - Clerk at the Gas and Shop.*

We meet at Tom Meyer's at 8:00 and are quickly packed in the two vans, with one adult and three scouts in each. After a brief stop at Matt Hinders' house to pick up some items and have a last minute tire pressure check, we are on our way by 8:25. Lunch is at a Burger King in Lincoln, NE, and it takes a lot of discussion over the CBs to decide this. At a Gas & Shop across the street from Burger King Tom and



Tim gas up the vans while the boys exhibit a newfound literary interest at the magazine rack, affectionately known as "THE aisle". We take a mid-afternoon break in Kearny first by visiting the Cabela's store and then stopping at the Dairy Queen (about 8 blocks north on 2nd St). At Cabela's, the adults look over the fishing section while the rest of the troop interest themselves in the sling-shot display. Several folding wrist rockets are purchased, much to the apprehension of the leaders. Due to a somewhat hectic situation as we are pulling in to the Dairy Queen, Tim has a slight mishap with his van bumper and a

parking lot rail. He is later informed that his driving was: i) psycho, ii) original, iii) French, iv) violent, and/or v) continental. Tim can respond with several reasons why the situation developed and all of them were residing in the back seat.

From Kearny it is a straight two to three hour shot to Ogallala, where we have a reservation at Meyer's Camper Court. Tom insists they are no relation and proves it by having to pay full price. We camp in a

large shaded grassy area amid a forest of RVs. The swimming pool is at 80 degrees and all join a lively game of Sharks and Minnows.

During the process of setting up the tents we discover our first mishap of the trip: the stake bag was left out of one of the tents. The stakes themselves are easy to improvise/replace, but the white junction pieces for the poles are a bigger challenge. Tom visits the local Pamida store to see what he can find to fix the problem and buys a dozen tent stakes and a cheap bicycle pump whose main section is made of plastic of the right size for the junction pieces. Back at the campground Tim rummages in his tool kit in his van and emerges with a saw and large spike with which to cut the pieces and shape the holes. (We aren't sure but we think he even has a lathe and radial arm saw in his van's tool kit). A bit of hard work and Tim produces two fine junction pieces that work for the rest of the trip. Now that the whole crew is assembled, it has become apparent that we need a way of verbally distinguishing between the two Matts. A method that worked well on the Shakedown trip was to use Matt Helland's middle name, Raymond.

Dinner this evening consists of the boys' favorite, canned beef stew. There are many comparisons made between the food in our cups and animal-derived material. After dinner, some of the boys practice their sling-shot skills using a junked microwave in a nearby field for a target. No injuries are sustained, however, the latex tubing of one of the sling-shots broke and had to be replaced (Greg, in the true Boy Scout fashion of "Being Prepared" also bought replacement sling-shot bands at Cabela's). The boys are disappointed to learn there is no Sling-shot Merit Badge.

We all settle down early despite the shared feelings of excitement at starting our adventure.

## **Day 2 - Monday, August 4.**

***Quote of the Day:*** "So, do you fly fish?" - Matt Hinders

All are up by 5:30 AM, with no prodding from the adults! Tom and Tim are both surprised at the intensity of the early morning activities associated with breaking camp and packing the vans. Of course, the one hour time change helps, but all are eager to get to the mountains. We are on the road by 7:00 AM! Our first stop is at a rest area at the Wyoming border. After exercising our legs briefly, we are soon on the road again and glad to be out of Nebraska. After a brief stop at a solitary filling station set amid the rolling Wyoming range, we are headed for Rawlins. There is a heated discussion on the CB radios concerning the relative merits of Subway vs. Wendy's vs. McDonald's. Convenience dictates that we stop at Subway, and although it is next to a McDonald's, the anti-Subway crowd decides to eat at Subway anyway. The next leg of our journey consists of a 2 hour drive on US 287, a 2 lane road carved out of the foothills of Southeastern reaches of the Wind River Mountain Range. Although the mountains do not appear especially close, we must be gaining altitude as our ears record changes in pressure.

We arrive in Lander at mid-afternoon, where we take an extended break. The younger crew cruises the streets looking for a post office and other local attractions while Tom and Tim search for a fishing shop. After acquiring some last minute items, including extra fuel for the stoves, fishing licenses, an extra set of topographical maps, and a new throwing knife for Russ, we hit the ice cream parlor. It is here that we catch a glimpse of Matt Hinders interpersonal skills. Apparently, he befriended a young lady (April) at the fishing shop. His opening line in initiating the conversation was "So, do you fly fish?"

We are soon back in the vans and off on our last leg of our automobile journey, heading north on highway 287. After obtaining directions from a local resident concerning the location of Trout Creek Road (our turnoff from the highway to Shoshone National Forest) we head west to the mountains. Trout Creek Road turns into an unpaved, bumpy road with many switchbacks which climbs 4000 feet in the 19 miles up to Dickinson Creek. We are rewarded for our trouble with spectacular views across the scrub-covered foothills in the Wind River Indian Reservation.

We make Dickinson Creek Campground about 5:30. It starts to sprinkle as we arrive, but no one really minds. We are glad to be out of the vans and excited about our upcoming trip. The camp ground is semi-primitive, meaning we have a fire ring and picnic table and a communal latrine, but no running water. From our camp we have a fantastic view, across the valley, of the mountains we would be ascending tomorrow.

Ranger Scott Birkenfeld (the ranger with whom Tom had previously discussed a service project), arrives soon after our camp is set up. We have some discussion on the nature of our conservation project, and finally settle on a project building a cross-truss rail fence. This work is to be performed upon returning to Dickinson Creek Campground at the end of our trip on August 13. He tells us that the bear activity was quite low this year. Apparently, the high rainfall contributed to the abundance of food. We also discuss the danger responsible for most backcountry deaths, lightning. He advises, that if caught in a high country thunderstorm, the best we can do is to assume a crouching position with our hands clasped behind our necks, and our elbows on our knees. This way if we are struck by lightning, the electrical current would pass down our hands, arms, and legs to the ground, bypassing our vital organs. This seems reasonable advice until one attempts to hold this position for a prolonged time. It is quite difficult.

The boys amuse themselves for a while throwing Russ' knife at a chunk of log. Then Greg, Doug, Raymond, and Russ soon become intrigued with the cattle ranging in the valley next to our site. All this while we have a light, intermittent rain that is promising to develop into something wetter. The rain quits briefly, long enough for us to cook and consume a spaghetti dinner. All are in bed by dark and a steady light rain returns. End of day 2.

### **Day 3 - Tuesday, August 5**

***Quote of the Day:*** "It looks like its clearing." - All.

This is our first day on the trail, with our sights set on Cathedral Lake, about eight miles away. The trail head is about a mile down a muddy bumpy road. The crew is pumped up and we feel good, carrying only two days of food and heading into an area the ranger described as "one of the prettiest I've ever seen." We register at the trailhead and take a long bridge across a marsh and hilly pasture area peppered with boulders. Soon it starts to drizzle off and on, but spirits remain high. We gain several hundred feet of altitude using many severe switchbacks before descending to the valley formed by Smith Lake Creek. We have several spectacular views of the mountains, though at times we are in the clouds. As the morning goes on, the rain picks up and we observe how it falls more gently when it is coming from seemingly ten feet above us. Lunch along the trail consists of Tom's modification of the Boundary Waters Hudson Bay Bread. He made it with dried cherries and almonds: it is delicious. Phil, Doug, and Greg find shelter under a large boulder that forms a granite lean-to, while the rest of us huddle under our rain gear. We

continue for another two miles or so to Smith Lake, about two miles before Cathedral Lake. Since everyone is by now quite wet we decide to camp at Smith Lake for the night. Most of us climb into sleeping bags to warm up and catch a nap. Tim goes fishing and gets five or six brook trout on his #1 red and white Mepps spinner.

Tom is soon up looking refreshed. He and Tim start a fire in the drizzle. They also tend to the chore of filtering water. This is the first time that the water filter has been used and it is discovered that the output tubing for the filter is not in the bag. They improvise with two pieces of latex tubing from a spare sling-shot band, and a section of a ball point pen.

The smoky sputtering fire soon draws Russ and Raymond (Matt Helland) from their tents. The next hour or so is spent crouched under ponchos while huddled around the fire. This "Smith Lake Sauna", does a marvelous job warming us up as well as drying our wet garments. The major topic of discussion around the fire is the weather, and we notice an interesting phenomenon. As soon as someone utters the phrase, "I think its clearing", the rainfall intensity increases markedly .

Dinner is under our new dining fly (a terrific investment!) during a downpour. We managed to keep the fire going, but everyone was in bed before dark.

#### **Day 4 - Wednesday, August 6**

***Quote of the Day:*** "These boots are S\*\*T." - Russ.

The rain lasts all night, ending between 7 and 8 o'clock this morning. The clearing is agonizingly slow with patches of blue appearing and vanishing to be followed by low clouds. It finally does clear and we see to our amazement that there are actually mountains ringing the northern and western shores of the lake. Yesterday all we could see were white clouds. There is also a glacier on the Northwestern edge that is contributing to a noisy waterfall that drops into the lake.

While the tents are drying, Tim, Tom, and Matt Hinders try their luck fishing. Tim snags another fish, but no luck for Tom, with his fly rod, or Matt Hinders, with his homemade fish spear. Russ and Raymond toast their socks over the fire. Greg and Doug take more sling-shot practice.

Finally the tents are dry and we hit the trail back to Dickinson Park. Along the trail Russ' new Asolo boot has it's sole come loose from the upper. We modify the pronunciation of the name appropriately. A temporary fix with duct tape gets him back to camp.

We choose the same camp sites we used two nights earlier. Matt Hinders and Phil have not had enough hiking and choose to go to the top of nearby Black Mountain (10443 feet). The rest have a spirited game of hacky sack, with Greg getting welted ten times. Tim spends 2 hours applying-a more permanent (hopefully) fix to Russ' boot. Using a nail and a hatchet for a hammer, he creates holes in the sole and affixes short pieces of copper wire to "staple" the sole in place.

After dinner we divide up the food for the next six days. The weather is mostly clear but chilly (60ish). We get to bed early in anticipation of tomorrow.

## Day 5 - Thursday, August 7

**Quote of the Day:** "At least no one fell in." - Tom.

It is a cold morning with a ground fog hugging the cow pasture next to the campground. Just before we drag ourselves out of the tents we are serenaded by a chorus of coyotes - maybe ten in all but it sounds like the entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The cows provide the bass harmony.

Breakfast is again the cold cereal from two days before with Matt Hinders performing the community service of killing off the remaining OJ and milk. We have a slow start since we are waiting for the sun to come over the mountain Matt Hinders and Phil had climbed the day before. Why did they have to put that rock on the top to make it higher? Once the sun arrives, tents, tarps, and socks dry out quickly.

Tim and Tom leave the scouts at the North Fork trailhead, where we will put in, and plant a van, 3 miles away at the Bear's Ear trailhead, where we will emerge in six days. It is 9:25 AM when we hit the trail. The hike is mostly level at first but then descends steeply to the valley of the North Fork of the Popo Agie River. We take a break at the junction with the Shoshone trail and all are thankful we are at last



hiking in sunshine - it is a beautiful day with most of us in T-shirts. During the morning's hike we observe animal tracks in the mud, including bear tracks and some large deer-like tracks that we can't identify.

Lunch break is on the bank of the river, giving Tim time to catch two brookies and a cutthroat. Another half hour of hiking brings us to the first of three river fordings of the day. Although the water is cold, it is shallow and the current not too bad. Most of us cross in our camp shoes. While the group crosses and puts their hiking boots back on, Tim stays in the river and catches six brookies. Also while we are at the crossing we meet the first other group of the day. It is a family group

with pack llamas, which explains the mystery tracks we saw earlier. They warn us about the third ford, which is deep and swift. We soon arrive at the second ford, which has nice scenery but is a little colder and swifter and deeper than the first. Some of the boys try crossing bare footed. Raymond demonstrates some extraordinary acrobatics but manages to stay upright, though he does litter the wilderness with a runaway water bottle. Also, he starts out in camp slippers and ends up bare foot. Matt Hinders retrieves one slipper, the other is still chasing the water bottle downstream. We take a few minutes to allow the feeling to return to our feet. During this crossing Tim catches another six fish.

After the crossing, the trail follows the river for a mile and a half or so through Sanford Park, which looks like a good spot to return to for fishing someday. The trail is level and wide. We meet a couple hiking the other direction who tell us about an easier alternative to the third ford. Go to the ford and then return about 200 yards and there will be a path going towards the river. After passing through some campsites,

it leads to a place where the river can be forded a bit more easily. In about fifteen minutes we come to a small side trail and several boys scout it out, while Matt Hinders and Tom go ahead to see the official crossing. Matt and Tom find the path to the alternative crossing and return to get the others. The alternative ford is definitely better than the main one, but still is deep and swift, with a steep bank on the far side. We cross one at a time, with the swift current and unsure footing on the rocky bottom making it difficult. Fortunately the cold makes our feet numb so we don't feel the pain. Once up the bank on the far side we are happy to find a path leading back to the main trail - we weren't looking forward to bushwhacking 300 yards.

We hiked another half mile to the junction with Pinto Park Trail. Phil and Tim scout for a campsite. They find a suitable one, although it is located in a small depression, a concern if we get rain. Also, there are many mosquitoes. The nearby Popo Agie River is moving swiftly, but is crystal clear. Fish can be seen rising to the surface. Tim, with his spinning outfit, and Tom, with his fly rod, go fishing. Several nice cutthroat and brook trout are caught.

Dinner is a drawn-out affair and it is late by the time we get the bear bag hung. Campfire conversation centers on aliens, movies, and telephone pranks. Of notable interest to many of the group is Doug's use of the caller id feature in his telephone calls to Walmart. We turn in at dark.

### **Day 6 - Friday, August 8**

*The Quote of the Day: "You can't go wrong with butter and mayonnaise." - Doug. ("Except leave it in the sun." - Russ)*

The day starts out sore, with Tim feeling it in his knees and Tom having a badly swollen wrist. However, few complaints come from the boys. The weather is cool and windy for our layover day. Since there is no push, we have a slow start. Tom and Tim go fishing in the river while Matt and Raymond scout for a place to have their survival overnight.

After discussing the matter, we decide to take a short day hike up to Echo Lake, apparently about a mile away according to the map. We pack up the things we will need for a day hike, including rain gear, a warmth layer, the first aid kit, emergency kit (including trowel and T.P.) and lunch. It turns out that the hike is significantly longer than one mile and is steeply uphill, gaining about 800 feet in one and one-half miles. At the two and a half mile point we arrive at Little Baer Lake, which looks like a fine place to stop since Echo Lake is still another mile or two up the trail. Tom, Tim, and Russ immediately start fishing even though it is quite windy; Russ hooks one on his spinning rod and performs the sportsman quick release. The rest go exploring and harassing the wildlife.



Lunch follows soon after, with peanut butter balls being in high demand. During lunch most of the crew have a high stakes poker game going (but at this altitude all stakes are high). After lunch, the adults try a little more fishing with slightly better success (Tom had one strike on his fly rod and Tim caught six large brookies). The scenery around this high lake is magnificent, with large snow-dotted cliffs rising from two sides.

The trail back to camp is a lot easier going down and we are back in camp by about 2 PM. Russ retires for a nap and the

rest of the crew goes down to the river, which is a spectacular stream arrayed with granite boulders. Just upstream from the camp is a logjam which creates a deep pool in which we see many trout. Downstream of the jam is a graveled riffled area in which the boys spend a lot of time wading and inadvertently bathing.

Tom fills two platypus bags with water and places them on a sheet of black plastic in the sun to warm up. While they are heating, he fishes in the river, catching two small brookies on mosquito flies and having one bite on a blue dun which gets away when the knot fails due to the astounding weight of the fish(?). After about an hour and a half Tom returns to his platypus bags and has a nice lukewarm shower in the woods. Raymond and Tim choose to bathe in the river (keeping the soap out of it, of course). Russ and Tim also have some success fishing, and enough trout are caught for us to have fish stew for dinner. Matt Hinders and Doug grab their knives and fulfill the fish cleaning requirement of the fishing merit badge. The lazy day has us moving slowly until we have to scramble to get things put away by dark. Matt, Raymond, Greg and Doug move up the hill to their homemade shelters, leaving Russ and Phil each with a tent to themselves. We are concerned about the bugs harassing the tentless crew, but at dark the mosquitoes retire as well. We are lulled to sleep by the rushing water of the nearby river.



## Day 7 - Saturday, August 9

**Quote of the Day:** "All jokes told on venture trips are not for attribution" - Tom.

Those who slept in makeshift shelters last night as part of the wilderness survival merit badge (Matt, Raymond, Greg, and Doug) seem none the worse for it in the morning. Tim wakes up feeling like someone had been pounding him with sticks all night causing his shoulders and legs to be sore. We discover that one of our breakfasts is missing, but since we had checked each campsite carefully before leaving we don't think it got left behind (it reappears two days later). The morning routine is getting pretty smooth by now, but cleanup and packing proceed slowly. We finally hit the trail at about 8:30 AM for a planned 8 mile hike to the area near Lonesome Lake. Right out of camp we have to cross several tributaries on slippery logs. About a mile and a half from camp we hit the fourth and last river crossing of the trip. The water is thigh-deep and very cold - much more so than the day before since we are closer to the melting snow fields that feed it. The rocks on the bottom are slippery and in general the crossing is a challenge we are glad to have behind us.



Most of the hike is a gradual uphill trek in a narrow valley bounded on both sides by cliffs and peaks topping out at over 10,000 feet. Since



we are all getting stronger and are well acclimated by now, we take only one 15 minute break and hike at a pretty good pace.

At Lizard Head Meadows, about one and one-half miles before Lonesome Lake we debate the merits of continuing or finding a campsite at the Meadows. The fact that we will have to retrace our way with full packs on the way back to the head of the Lizard Head Trail we passed about fifteen minutes earlier wins the day and we find a nice campsite on a small hill at the edge of the meadow, well off the trail. The trees are barely tall enough for a proper bear bag hanging, but we

manage. A lot of ball-sized granite stones litter the area but with a little work suitable tent sites are cleared. A nice fire ring already exists near a large boulder.

Tom, Phil and Tim hike up to Lonesome Lake to scout out tomorrow's hike, taking fishing poles. Tim catches two nice cutthroats of about 14 inches and Tom catches one smaller one when he tries a Royal Coachman fly in desperation. The lake seems small, but this is due in part to the massive peaks surrounding it. It rains hard for about fifteen minutes and we head back on the double. Tim puts his fish in a freezer bag and refreshes the water at stream crossings along the way so the trout will be fresh for dinner. Near the campsite Tim investigates a small unnamed lake and catches two more cuts, giving us four for dinner. The rest of the crew spends most of the afternoon around the campfire and among other things decide their new patrol name - "The Fighting Cocks". A mule deer visits the camp several times during the afternoon.

While the hot water for dinner is started, Tim and Phil head for the river to clean the fish where Phil finishes off his fishing Merit Badge. Three of the fish we fry, and one Matt Hinders cooks on a stick over the fire. The fish are a welcome side dish to our turkey and gravy glop. Dessert this evening is pistachio pudding. The boys provide a somewhat disgusting commentary on its appearance, but all is eaten. After dinner, Tom and Tim return to the small lake where Tom catches a ten inch cutthroat, again on a Royal Coachman. By the time they return it is dusk is falling. The gear is put safely under the rain fly and all turn in for the night.

### **Day 8 - Wednesday August 10**

***Quote of the Day:*** "Hey Doug, where *is* the Dominican Republic?", Greg.

The activity starts early today. The plan is to day-hike up to the continental divide at Jackass Pass. We have a muddy hike up to Lonesome Lake, about 45 minutes away. Because sore knees, and a touch of



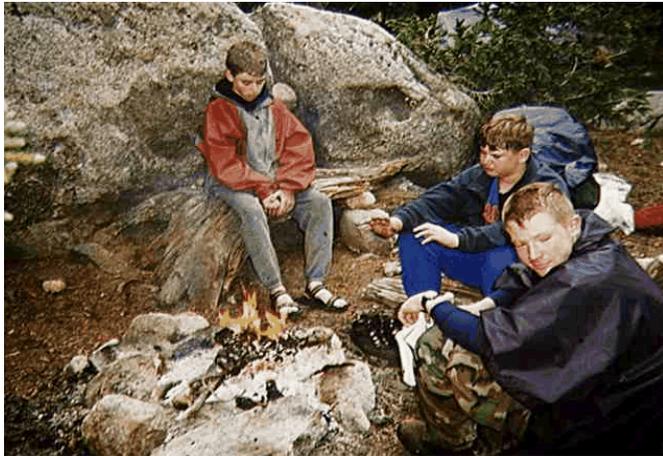
altitude sickness, respectively, Tim and Russ choose to stay behind at Lonesome Lake while the rest of the group climbs up to the pass. The group finds the trip up is much easier than expected and reach the pass in about 45 minutes, around 10:00 AM. Greg enjoys a slide, on his backside, down one of the snowfields that border the trail. At the pass there is another snow patch so, of course, there ensues a snowball fight. Matt Hinders continues his conditioning for football by putting a load of rocks in his pack. Picas and marmots are seen in abundance along

the bushwack along the ridge to the highest spot between Jackass Pass and Big Sandy Pass. Another group of hikers start to cross one of the snow fields below and one of their party slips and slides down to a patch of rocks. Fortunately he is not seriously injured and the rest of the group mounts a rescue operation.

At about 10:30 clouds descend and it starts to rain lightly so it is time to head to lower elevations.

Meanwhile Russ and Tim tease the fish in Lonesome Lake but the fish have the last laugh, only one is caught - a rare occurrence for Tim on this trip. They hike around the lake and enjoy the scenery, especially some spectacular fields of windflowers. When the rain starts they leave to get the campsite battened down for the weather. Just after they get things stowed under the rain fly the rest of the group shows up with tales of their adventures.

The rain continues for the next eight hours. After lunch under the rain fly, some of us take naps in our warm sleeping bags while Tom, Phil, Tim, Matt Hinders, Russ and Greg have a spirited round of the geography game. The geography game was introduced to us by Thurman, our interpreter (guide) on our Venture Boundary Water canoe trip last year. A brief moment is spent discussing Doug's geo-referencing of the Dominican Republic that he related to us last year. We really must remember to brush up on places starting with the letters A and Y when we get back to civilization, as much of the game seems to



require identifying geographic locations that start with these two letters. At one point during the game Tom and Tim comment that they each have three "Y" words in reserve, leading Tom to dub them "the three Y's men". He is appropriately ostracized. We finally realize some benefit from the rain when we use a plastic ground cloth to collect it for drinking water, thus saving us from filtering. After about an hour we put the game on hold while some of us hit the sack and Tim goes fishing for two hours in the rain at the nearby unnamed lake. He catches 17 fish, all cutthroats, to bring his trip total to 76. When he returns, Tom and Russ join him

in starting a fire and we soon have a roaring blaze going, which tempts the rest of the crew out of their tents. Finally, the rain slowly tapers off and stops. Dinner is prepared and eaten around the campfire. Campfire talk quickly degenerates to a discussion of favorite cartoon shows. For some unexplainable reason Care Bears and Smurfs top the list. During dinner our remaining plastic dip cup, unknown to us, rolls against the stove and melts, leaving us dip cupless.

After dinner the sky clears somewhat, we are treated so some beautiful clouds around the surrounding mountains. We hear a loud noise and look up to see a rock slide in progress on a cliff across the valley. Tim and Tom have a last go at the fish lake, but don't catch anything. A mule deer visits our campsite. Matt Hinders is diligent in studying the scout handbook and has already passed many tenderfoot, 2nd class and 1st class requirements. We retire early to get ready for tomorrow's early start.



## Day 9 - Wednesday, August 11

**Quote of the Day:** "Why are there so many bugs in the wilderness?" - Doug.

Everything is wet this morning. Although the rain stopped last evening, there had not been sufficient wind or warmth to drive the moisture out of our boots, tents or skins. Spirits are not especially high, but breakfast is completed and our gear is packed in a relatively efficient fashion.

The plan for today is to hike the 1/2 to 3/4 of a mile up Lizard Head Meadow to the trail junction we passed two days ago. From there we tackle a set of grim switchbacks in order to ascend to the ridge



bordering the northern edge of the valley. The climb to the edge of the tree line takes about 1 1/2 hours, and covers a distance of about 1 mile, while gaining 1000 feet of elevation; a 20% grade. By this point, everyone, except perhaps some of the younger

members of the crew, is winded. Speaking of wind, we are reminded by Tom that the chili dinner we consumed last night was not only tasty, but it gives good gas mileage as well.

From the treeline, we climb the trail another 3/4 of a mile, and over a series of 13 steep switchbacks we gain another 600-700 feet of altitude. Now we are walking gravelly trail,

bordered by alpine tundra. The surrounding landscape is littered with granite and punctuated with patches of snow. We are traversing the southwest side of a the ridge that rises another 300 feet, and after another mile we cross the contour line on the map that demarks the highest point of our trip, 11,800 feet. Looking to the southwest we see the Cirque of the Towers and most of the valley where our day's hike originated. We take a brief break for a group picture and then shoulder our packs again.



The next two miles are over fairly flat ground where we alternately gain and loose about 200 feet of elevation. Here the trail is difficult to follow and the "cairns" marking the trail are our principle guide

posts. We stop for lunch at the base of Cathedral Peak, a spot chosen because this is our bail out point. If weather comes up we can make our way down some very steep terrain to Smith Lake if needed.

During lunch we are greeted by a lone hiker who's partner left him stranded without a map. He is the same fellow who wandered into our camp yesterday asking for directions. We give him a copy of our contour map, but are somewhat doubtful as to whether or not he will be able to make use of it. We offer to guide him to the Valentine Lake Trail Junction after lunch, so he scurries off to break his camp. While we are eating, another party of 3 comes by and during our brief conversation they inform us of a suitable camp site near the base of Adams Pass, our destination for the day.



We are soon ready to press on. The weather looks stable so we decide to continue on to Adams Pass and not make the steep descent into Cathedral Lake. We can see in the distance that our lone hiker has met up with another person and a dog. He seems to have changed his mind about

accompanying us so we pack up and hit the trail again.

We resume our hike with a 280' climb to the shoulder of Cathedral Peak. This is one of the most difficult climbs of the trip, partly because it is right after lunch, but also because the trail is long and straight with no switch backs. We continue on another mile of reasonably level (up 60'-down 60') trail until we come to a valley. Here we descend diagonally across two snow fields, leaving red footprints to mark our passage. At the base of the valley we intersect the trail that leads west to Valentine Lake. Instead we continue up the mountains which mark the northern edge of the valley.



We climb another 500+ feet over a distance of about half a mile. By the time we reach the 11800' altitude again (perhaps the 6th time today) several of the crew are hurting. Now it is about 1:30 pm, we have been on the trail for over 5 hours, covering about 7 miles, and we still have perhaps 5-6 miles to go. The next several miles are level to gently rolling trail. We come across a large group, perhaps 18-20 people, from Minnesota. They apparently are having a challenging day too, as they are spread out over the distance of about 3/4 mile. After passing more snow fields we enter into the valley formed by Sandy Creek. Over these last two miles we gently lose elevation as we skirt the northern edge of the valley.

At the base of Sandy Creek we can see Adam Pass rising in front of us. Here we veer north, skirting a large snow field and move toward the tree line. The valley at the base of the snow is marshy, and we have to hop from hummock to hummock to avoid the small riverlets of melted snow. At the base of a large cave in the snow bank is an icy pool, but no one is in the mood for a swim.

We climb a small hill and make our camp at about 10800 feet among a grove of scrubby Balsam Firs. The weather held for our hike, but clouds are now coalescing. Tents are pitched and the rainfly is hung. Tim grabs his fishing pole and heads for an unnamed lake just to the north. The lake is set in a deep depression with a snow field bordering the south edge, and on the east steep granite cliffs drop to the water surface. His first cast produces a 14" cutthroat, and his second a 15" cutthroat that runs perhaps 2 pounds. A light rain starts to fall and it soon develops into a full-fledged high country thunder storm. Tim finds shelter under a large boulder overhanging the edge of the lake. The rain intensity increases and turns into hail. The water is alive. The hail strikes the lake's surface and bounces back up into the air, creating an illusion of a surface of 2" long silvery stalagmites. The rain continues to fall as Tim continues to fish from under his mammoth shelter.

During the rain/hail/thunder storm Tom walks to the rim of the lake to check if Tim is suffering from hypothermia or needs other assistance. Tim opts to stay put for a while in hopes that the storm will pass (also the fish are still biting). About 1/2 an hour later Tom again makes the trip to the lake to check on Tim. At this point it is apparent that the storm may be a prolonged affair, but the thunder has stopped so Tim makes his way up the boulder field back to camp. The fish total for this unnamed lake was 7, all cutthroats in the 13-15" range.

During the storm Raymond, Tom, and Matt prepare dinner under the rainfly. Dinner was supposed to be mashed potatoes with hamburger in brown gravy, but in the interest of time some shortcuts are taken and all the ingredients are mixed together. The result is a passable shepherd's pie. When Tim gets back to camp only Matt and Tom are still active, the other members of the crew having retired to their sleeping bags.

When the "Dinner's Ready" call is made, only Greg, Matt, Tom and Tim answer, the rest of the crew being either too cold or tired to remove themselves from their tents. It is still daylight, but the cold rain/hail coupled with day's brutal hike have taken their toll. After eating our fill of the potato concoction, followed by



hot lemonade, we quickly clean up, make a halfhearted attempt to hang the bear bags and retire for the evening. By this time the temperature has dropped to the mid 30's, everything is soaking wet, and patches of hail cover the ground - a difficult end to a difficult day.

**Day 10 - Tuesday, August 12**

***Quote of the Day:*** "It's a wonder what a thermonuclear reaction can do to raise the spirits."-Tom.

It is sunny and cold (36°F). The sky is partly blue with white puffy clouds. Our camp seems to have withstood last night's weather. Lines are strung and items hung to dry in the light breeze. The boys emerge from their tents one-by-one and are greeted by a pot of boiling water and a small smoky fire.



We decide to take our time breaking camp, as this is our last day in the wilderness. The illusion of warmth provided by the bright sun raises spirits considerably. This observation is formalized by Tom's remark (listed above). Tim could only reply to this with, "Oh, you're just a hopeless romantic."

While the boys are still obtaining sustenance (oatmeal) and taking care of other morning chores, Tom and Tim grab their fishing equipment and embark on one last expedition to harass the cutthroat trout in the unnamed lake to the north of camp. A short hike brings them to the rim of the lake, and from there they make their way down the 150 or so feet to

the lake by hopping on and around boulders 6-10' tall. Both have their cameras, as this is the last day, and fishing pictures have not been taken in abundance during the trip. After taking several pictures of each other they got down to serious fishing. Tom, on about his third cast catches a 14" cutthroat on a #14 Adams. Due to his swollen and sore right wrist, Tom is getting very proficient at left-handed fly fishing. Tim picks up 3 fish in the 10-13" range with a #1 Mepps (red & white over gold blade). They only fish for about 45 minutes, then head back to camp straight up the boulder field.



By now the ritual of breaking camp is well ingrained. All the personal gear is packed up, tents are dropped, and the communal gear distributed among the crew. Unfortunately, this day we are a little quick in leaving camp and we do not perform the final sweep of our area, so the camp saw is left behind. Perhaps we are too eager to get back to civilization. At the bottom of the slope that leads down from our camp to the marshy area at the base of the snow field, we filter water for our upcoming trek. We make our way across the swampy land and start the ascent to Adams Pass.

The climb to the top of the pass is reasonably civilized compared to our climb the previous morning. The combination of lighter packs, being in top physical shape, and having a late start are all contributing

factors to the ease of this climb. From the pass we can see the entire stretch of the valley below and to the east of us. We can even see the cars in the parking area at the trail head; our destination 6 trail miles away. This sight seems to energize some members of the crew, as the hiking pace (set by Matt Hinders) substantially increases. For other members of the crew, the sight of our terminal point has the opposite effect. These individuals assume a leisurely pace and use the opportunity to enjoy the scenery, and



reflect upon the past week.

We stop for lunch part way down and consume quantities of beef jerky, cheese spread, pilot biscuits, and nut rolls. After lunch, Matt and Greg speed down the trail, leaving the rest of the group to their slower pace. In fact on this leg of the trip someone in the slow group (Doug perhaps) suggests that the group hike even slower so that Greg and Matt would have to wait longer at the cars.

We are at the trailhead. Everyone is glad to be back. The boys retrieve the extra food, their tennis shoes, and CD players from Tom's van and start the transition from wilderness living to modern life. Several group pictures are taken at the trail head, then Tom and Tim embark on the car shuffle to get the other van which is parked at our starting location; the North Fork trail head 3 miles away.

Upon returning we stuff the packs into the vans and make the short trip to Dickinson Creek Campground. The crew is in fine humor as we pitch the tents and consume another spaghetti dinner. We spend some time sitting at the picnic table composing the list; a list of things that summarized the trip that we need to make lists for. There is much jocularly involved in creating this list. Unfortunately, time is not spent fleshing many of these lists out.

### The List List

Items cannibalized to make repairs (bike pump, ball point pen, sling-shot)	Number of times Doug whistled the theme to "The Rock" (uncountably infinite)
Miles hiked (55)	Difference between Matt miles and actual miles
Things that pissed Raymond off (uncountably infinite)	Number of hours it rained
Things that pissed Phil off (countably infinite)	Number of stream crossings
Number of hours hiked in wet boots (many)	Hiking hours vs. hours spent under the rain fly
Number of hours not hiked in wet boots (seems like zero)	Number of matches used by Greg to start a fire (One --- yeah, right!)
Number of quarts of fuel consumed (4)	Number of false summits
Number of switchbacks traversed	Number of Smurfs sighted
The most disgusting things Greg has ever done in his life (to include "...sitting on the wet seat of a pit toilet; it smelled God awful and I couldn't breathe.", Greg.)	Equipment lost or destroyed (to include Raymond's water bottle and camp shoe, folding saw, 14 Mepps spinners, 8 dry flies, and 2 dip cups)

We also spend some time with the Smurf name list. This is a continuation of our campfire discussion on Day 8 concerning favorite cartoons. Since we all had such a smurfing good time we decide to assign ourselves Smurf names based on characteristics we exhibited or experiences we endured. A compilation of the several names given to each individual is presented below:

### Smurf Aliases

Tom - General Smurf, Lefty Smurf
Tim - Fun Loving Smurf, Fishing Smurf
Greg - Serious Smurf, Jerky Chewing Smurf
Russ - Barefoot Smurf, Knife Flinging Smurf
Phil - Hold it back Smurf, 5 Day Cork Smurf, Hacksaw Smurf
Raymond - Wild and Crazy Smurf, Hustler Smurf
Doug - The Rock Smurf, Bastard Smurf
Matt - Super Smurf, Cross Buck Smurf

At dusk a thunder storm rolls by, mostly missing us, but giving us a marvelous show. As it passes we are witness to a wide spectrum of weather conditions from our camp site. About 9:00 the sky darkens and a

light rain begins to fall. Rain has been a prevalent theme this trip. We retire to our tents and have a quiet sleep, except for the coyote songs that periodically interrupt the stillness.

### **Day 11 - Wednesday, August 13**

**Quote of the Day:** *"Is there any more oatmeal?" - Matt Hinders.*

We wake to a bright clear sky. After breakfast we pile in the vans and drive to the trailhead that was our termination point the day before. Today we will not be hiking. Instead, we will be building a fence to satisfy part of the conservation work requirement needed for the 50 miler award. Ranger Bill Lee and three of his assistants arrive soon. Bill gives a brief description of our day's activities and a discussion of safety. With hard hats, gloves, and tools we set off up the trail. The plan for the day is to rip out old sections of a rail fence that separates the cattle pasture from the wilderness and replace it with new.

The newly cut trees to be used as rails along with the prebuilt cross bucks are scattered along the fence-line waiting for installation. The crew attacks the fence with a ferocity previously only seen at dinner time. The old fence is knocked apart and the pieces are scattered among the trees. The limiting operation of the process is the removal of the old 9" spikes from the timbers. (Some of the boys prefer to call them "Nine Inch Nails"). The boys employ a variety of techniques, tools, and verbal lubrication to achieve this end. Soon all have settled into their respective niches and we are functioning like a well oiled machine. Matt, Doug, and Greg work on the timber removal, including carrying the heavy cross bucks out to the spike removal team. Phil, Raymond, and Russ worry the spikes from the rails and disperse the rails amongst the woods. Tom and Tim provide the necessary supervision. After 10



or so sections of fence are removed, we start the reconstruction process. New cross bucks are positioned by Matt and Tom, and the rest of the crew carries and spikes the new rails in place. The new sections go up quickly.



During the brief lunch break we consume the last of the Hudson Bay Bread, much to the delight of some of us. This enthusiasm is not due to the crew's fondness of the Bay Bread, rather it has to do with the fact that there will be no more lunches of it. Bill and his helpers, however, find the Bay Bread enjoyable. Perhaps several doses are necessary before the stuff becomes tedious.

We are soon back to work. This effort continues until 3:00 when we terminated work for the day. All in



all we remove and reassemble 24 sections of fence. In reflecting on the day's work all agree that it is one of the best days of the trip, contrary to universal expectations.

The hard day's work did not diminish the activity level back in camp. The water bags that Tom and Tim placed in the sun this morning now contain warm water. Sponge bath showers are taken by all but Tim, who is out in the pasture setting up a mile-long orienteering course so that Matt can complete a 1st class requirement. Matt on the other hand goes off on a conditioning hike to Black Mountain again - this time backpacking a load of rocks. He soon returns

from his hike and he, with Tom as an advisor, heads out to complete the orienteering course. The rest of the crew are occupied with a heated round of hacky sack. The hacky sack game breaks up as Matt finishes his course, and some of the boys decide to chase the cows, while others occupy themselves with a fire.

Dinner is a bi-cultural affair; a large can of ravioli and cans of chili and tamales are placed on the coals. After dinner we work a bit at repacking the vans for tomorrow. Things are quiet as we sit around the campfire conducting a trip post mortem. The discussion includes the following thoughts: i) we need to stretch each morning before starting out, ii) the trip went too fast, iii) the trip was two days too long, iv) have the work day at the beginning of the trip, not at the end, v) there was too much cheese spread, vi) there was too much Hudson Bay Bread, vii) use ground cloths both inside and outside the tents.



We turn in this evening with mixed emotions. We are sad about the trip being over, but are also looking forward to getting home.

### **Day 12 - Thursday, August 14**

**Quote of the Day:** "Do they sell lighter fluid here?" - Greg, Doug, & Matt.

We get a quick start this morning. After the obligatory morning coffee and a cold Pop Tart breakfast (except for Matt who has oatmeal), we break camp, load the vans, and head for home. Again we negotiate the rocky rutted road out of the National Forest and after a brief stop in Lander we head south for Rawlins. We stop at the Sierra Trading Post in Cheyenne for a quick shopping trip. The boys quickly



get bored looking at clothes, except for Phil who wishes he had his dad's credit card in order to purchase new ski-wear. Tim gets a good deal on a pair of Gortex pants (3rds) and Tom picks up a new shirt. Our next stop is at a truck stop. While Tom and Tim gas the vehicles, several members of the crew buy new Zippo windproof lighters. Back on the road again, excitement over their new purchases quickly diminishes as they discover that lighter fluid is required, but not included. Another brief stop at the Cabela's outlet in Sidney allows for the purchase of several more items. The boys are disappointed that

Cabela's does not carry lighter fluid. The next hour we spend riding a thunderstorm into Ogallala. We opt to spend some time in the Pamida store in order to let the storm pass before we check into the campground.

In camp we horse-and-goggle to see who first gets first crack at the campground's three showers. Greg, Doug and Matt are the lucky winners. Another game of Hacky Sack kills time until our 7:30 pizza reservations. At Valentino's, serious eating dominates the first half hour or 45 minutes, then the boys (lead by Phil) embark on the game, "let's run Valentino's out of clean plates". Dinner is wrapping up when the waitress arrives with a plate full of whipped cream covered brownies; one with a candle in the center. It is Greg's birthday so we proceed to serenade Greg and the other patrons with a chorus of the traditional birthday verse. For presents Greg receives a container of lighter fluid and a pemmican bar. He is thrilled. As we are proceeding out of the restaurant (the boys cannot wait to fill their lighters) Matt Hinders gives us another glimpse of his interpersonal skills. He leaves a note on the table for the waitress relating information concerning his whereabouts later that evening (i.e. the campground) in case she should care to look him up.

At camp, we visit the campground's recreation center which consists of a television set, a video game and a not-quite-level pool table. We play a few marathon games of pool then Tom and Tim turn in for the evening. The boys remain in order to satisfy their TV deficits.

### **Day 13 - Friday, August 15**

***Quote of the Day:*** "Hey, where's my Hustler?" - Raymond.

The final leg home is a blur. We catch breakfast on our way out of town at the McDonalds. In the vans, the boys mostly sleep, as they stayed up past midnight last night. It is before noon when we reach Lincoln and are planning to take lunch in Omaha, but we have to stop for gas. The boys take the

opportunity to visit THE aisle before we head out again. The Taco Bell/McDonald's stop outside of Omaha is unremarkable, and we are in Ames by 4:30.

Despite our happiness at being home, a part of us still wants to be back in the mountains. It was an excellent trip, and we should all thank each other for making it so. A quote from Mark Jenkin in *To Timbukto* sums it up for us. He states, "Leaving is easy. Coming home and trying to fit back in is the hard part."

### APPENDIX 1. Popo Agie Wilderness Description

Located in the Shoshone National Forest, the Popo Agie Wilderness was first established as a primitive area on March 2, 1932. The area, containing 101,991 acres, was classified as wilderness by the Wyoming Wilderness Act of 1984. It is bounded by the Wind River Indian Reservation on the north, and the Bridger Wilderness on the Bridger- Teton National Forest on the west.



The Popo Agie Wilderness is within the boundaries of the Shoshone National Forest in western Wyoming. It lies immediately east of the Continental Divide, 18 miles west of Lander, 135 miles west of Casper, and 80 miles north of Rock Springs, Wyoming. It is accessible via trailheads which may be reached by US

Highway 287, Wyoming Highway 131 and secondary roads.

The topography of the Popo Agie is very rough, consisting of high jagged peaks separating many beautiful stream courses in deep, narrow valleys and canyons along a 25-mile stretch of the southern Wind River Range. Sheer granite walls are prevalent. There are several permanent snowfields along the Continental Divide.

Wind River Peak, 13,255 feet in elevation is the highest peak associated with the Popo Agie. It is on the western boundary which is common with the Bridger Wilderness on the Bridger-Teton National Forest. Over twenty summits above 12,000 feet in elevation are present within the Popo Agie Wilderness. The lowest elevation, 8,400 feet, is at the point where the eastern boundary crosses the Middle Fork Popo Agie River.



Over 300 lakes and ponds are dispersed throughout the area. Headwaters of the Middle Fork Popo Agie, North Fork Popo Agie, and South Fork Little Wind Rivers originate here. All are tributaries of the Wind River. The montane, subalpine, and alpine vegetative life zones are represented within the wilderness.



The maximum summer temperatures in June, July and August rarely exceed 80 degrees. Winter minimums may reach so to 40 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. There is no frost free period and snow can be expected during any month. Average annual precipitation is between 25 and 30 inches and occurs chiefly in the form of snow. Occasional heavy rains occur during the summer and light thunderstorms are common during the afternoons.

For further information contact:

- ✓ **Shoshone National Forest**
- ✓ 808 Meadow Lane
- ✓ Cody, WY 82414 OR
- ✓ (307) 527-6241
- ✓ TDD: (307) 578-1294

- ✓ **WASHAKIE RANGER DISTRICT**
- ✓ 333 Highway 789, South
- ✓ Lander, WY 82520
- ✓ (307) 332-5460

## **APPENDIX 2. Meals: preparation and comments.**

### **Dinners & Ingredients Preparation**

#### **1. Glop 1**

- -7 cups minute rice,
- -2 10 oz cans chicken (possibly dried)
- -1 lb Velveeta
- -3 pk Knorr vegetables,

**Chocolate Pudding** (3 box, instant),

- -1 packet instant milk,
- -1 Pack Graham Crackers

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

#### **2. Spaghetti**

- -3 lbs spaghetti
- -2 can Hunts sauce (dried into leathers)
- -1 pack Knorr dried cheese sauce (?)

**Bagle Chips** (1 Garlic, 1 Plain)

**Butterscotch Pudding** (3 boxes),

- -1 pack dried milk,
- -1/2 pack butterscotch chips

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

#### **3. Glop Mexicana (Glop 2)**

- -6 cups minute rice
- -2 lbs hamburger (dried)
- -2 cans canned corn (dried)
- -2 small cans diced tomatoes (dry)
- -2 nacho cheese (or sharp),

**Banana Pudding** (3 boxes)

-1 pk dried milk, pk vanilla wafer crumbs

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

#### 4. Noodles & Chicken,

- -6 packs Ramen noodles ,
- -5 oz dehydrated chicken
- -2 pk Knorr Vegetable Soup (2 pks)

**Bagle chips** (1 Onion, 1 Plain)

**Butterscotch Pudding** (3 packs)

- -1/2 pack butterscotch chips
- -1 pack dried milk

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

#### Glop 1

Heat 7 cups water in large pot. If dried chicken is used, add it at the start. When water is just starting to steam, add freeze dried chicken. and Knorr vegetables.

Bring water to boil. Add rice, stir, remove from heat and add cheese. Cover, let sit covered for 5 minutes. Mix & serve.

**NOTES:** This was well received.

#### Spaghetti

Boil 12 cups water, Add spaghetti, boil for an additional 2-3 minutes, stirring occasionally.

#### Spaghetti Sauce

Add 5 Cups water to Sauce leathers, Simmer & stir over low heat until dissolved

**NOTES:** 2 lbs spaghetti would have been plenty. Sauce good but needed meat.

#### Glop Mexicana

Heat hamburger/corn/tomato mixture, with 8 cups water, stirring constantly. When water boils, Remove from heat, add cups rice. Cover for 5 minutes, add cheese spread (1 Nacho, 1 Sharp Cheddar) and stir.

**NOTES:** Get the dried stuff into water so it can rehydrate. This was good.

#### Noodles & Chicken

Boil 7 cups water. Add dried chicken to water while it is heating. Add 7 packs ramman noodles + spice packets. Add Knorr Vegetables, Cook until noodles are tender (stir constantly).

**NOTES:** This was good but not too filling. Suggest one pack of noodles/person.

## 5. Beef Stroganoff

- -6 packs instant stroganoff noodles,
- -3 lbs hamburger (dried),
- -1 pack instant milk,

**Pistachio Pudding** (3 boxes),

- -1 pack instant milk

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

## 6. Turkey & Dressing

- -Stove top stuffing
- -Instant Turkey Gravy (6 pack)
- -5 oz dehydrated turkey (or chicken)

**Banana Pudding** (3 packs),

- -1 pk dry milk, 1 pk vanilla wafer crumbs

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

## 7. Chili

- -5 cans kidney beans (dried),
- -3 lbs hamburger (dried),
- -2 cans diced tomatoes (dried),
- -3 onions (dried),
- -cumin, salt, chili powder, red pepper

**Ritz Crackers** (small box)

**Chocolate Pudding** (3 packs),

- 1/2 pack chocolate chips
- 1 pk dried milk

**Koolaid** 2 packs + 2 packs 1/2 cup sugar

## 8. Hamburger Gravy & Potatoes

- -3 lbs dried hamburger
- -Instant Potatoes Flakes (1 box)
- -1 pack dried milk
- -Clarified butter (1/8 lb)
- -Instant Beef Gravy (6 packs)

### Vanilla Pudding (3 boxes)

- -1 pck dried milk, pk Oreo cookie crumbs

### Extra. Potato Soup (Fish Chowder),

- Dried Scalloped Potatoes (3 small boxes)
- Dried Potato Flakes (2 cups), Dried milk, (2 pks), Dried Celery (2 stalks), Dried onions (2), 1/8 lb Clarified Butter, Cayenne pepper, salt, black pepper, Fish

### Beef Stroganoff

- Boil 9 cups water
- Add Beef Stroganoff Mixture
- Cook for 5-8 minutes until noodles are tender, Stirring constantly

**NOTES:** Edible.

### Turkey Gravy

- Empty gravy packs into small pan, add 1 cup water, mix until lumps are out. Add 5 more cups water and dehydrated turkey, simmer until thick. Bring to boil, simmer until thick. **Stuffing.** Follow Directions on box.

**NOTES:** Edible.

### Chili

- Boil 10 cups water
- Add Chili Mix
- Cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

**NOTES:** The crackers went fast. The Chili was edible; although, some thought it was too spicy. Suggest serving spices to be added individually.

## Mashed Potatoes

- Follow instructions on bag, using dry milk.

**Hamburger Gravy** : Empty gravy packs into small pan, add 1 cup water, mix until lumps are out. Add 5 more cups water and dried hamburger. Bring to boil, simmer until thick. **NOTES:** Actual prep. involved mixing everything together. It was good.

## Potato (Fish) Soup

Boil 10-12 cups water. Add Potato Soup Mix, Stirring continuously. When mixture boils and thickens, Add fish chunks (deboned). Boil for additional 2-3 minutes.

**NOTE:** Good for dinner or appetizer.

## Pudding

In bowl, add 1 cup water to pudding mix (keep garnish separate), mix to get smooth paste. When lumps are out of paste, add 4 cups cold water, mix. Let sit for 5-10 minutes, sprinkle garnish (i.e. cookie or graham crumbs) on top.

**NOTES:** Must mix and add water rapidly so that pudding does not jell. No matter how much you mix you can't get the lumps out. The garnish added substantially to the palatability of the puddings.

## Koolaid.

**NOTES:** Koolaid was packed to make 2 quarts. Made per package instructions it was too weak. Lemonade was better. Also, Tang was good. Both Lemonade and Tang were good with hot water as well. Suggest individual packs of only enough drink mix to make 1 quart. Water can be added directly to plastic bag. Care must be taken in shaking so that spillage does not occur, but this would expedite preparation of drink for dinner. This also eliminates the need to use canteens for mixing, which must be then stored in the bear bag.

## Lunches

### 1. Bagles/Summer Sausage/Cheese

- -10 Bagles (Raisin,Herb,Wheat,Plain,Onion)
- -3 summer sausages
- -1 lb sharp cheddar cheese
- -10 granola bars

### 2. Hudson Bay Bread

- -20 small Hudson Bay Bread (maple nut)
- -peanut butter, jelly
- -10 boxes raisins

### **3. Pita Bread/Cheese**

- -20 Slim Jims
- -3 packs cheese spread
- -10 pita bread
- -10 power bars (expresso/dark choco.)

### **4. Cheese & Crackers/ Beef Jerky**

- Wheat Thins (1 box)
- -Beef Jerky
- -Peanut Butter Bars
- -1 pack fig newtons

### **5. Summer Sausage/Cheese/Pilot Biskets**

- -3 packs cheese
- -3 summer sausage
- -3 pack pilot biskets
- -20 granola bars

### **6. Hudson Bay Bread**

- -20 small Hudson Bay Bread (butterscotch)
- -peanut butter, jelly
- -2 pack dried fruit
- -P.B. Cliff Bars

### **7. Beef Jerky/Cheese/Pilot Biskets**

- -3 packs pilot biskets
- -3 packs cheese
- -2 lb beef jerkey
- -10 Nut Roll Bars
- -10 granola bars

### **8. Crackers & Cheese/Beef Jerky**

- -20 packs cheese + crackers (Keebler)
- -beef jerkey
- -Raisins -10 Pemican bars (Carob Coco)

### **9. Hudson Bay Bread**

- -20 small hudson bay bread
- -10 fruit roll ups
- 20 Tigers Milk Bars

**LUNCH NOTES:** We got tired of summer sausage and the cheese spread. One pilot basket meal would have been plenty. The Cheese and crackers (Lunch 8) was the best.

Beef jerky was OK but a little chewy. The beef sticks were awful. Two Hudson Bay Bread lunches would have been sufficient.

### Breakfasts

- 160 Instant Oatmeal
- Tang (4 oz/person/d) \* = 400 oz.
- or (2 qts/d \* 9 d = 18 quarts)
- 6 packs Jello (hot)
- 1 freeze dried Coffee (60 servings)
- 1 ground coffee (1 lb dark roast)
- 2 Boxes Hot Chocolate (48 servings)
- 1 box Tea Bags

**NOTES:** Pack all meals in individual plastic bags and label.

### Car Dinners

#### Night 1

- Dinty Moore Beef Stew/chili
- French Bread (1 loaf)
- Cookies (1 pack)
- Soda (1 - 3 liter)

#### Night 2

- Spaghetti
- Tossed Salad+dressing
- Hard Rolls (1 pack of 10)
- Cookies (1 pack)
- Soda (1 - 3 liter)

#### Night 11

- Raviolli (1 large can)

- Soda Crackers (1 box)
- Tamales (2 large cans)
- Cookies (1 pack)
- Apples (1 bag)
- Soda 2-3 liter bottles

### **Car Breakfasts**

#### **Morning 2**

- Cold Cereal + milk (1 pack cereal, 1/2 gal milk)
- Muffins (10)
- Orange Juice (1/2 gal)
- Coffee

#### **Morning 3**

- Cold Cereal + milk (1 pack cereal, 1/2 gal milk)
- Bagles + Cream Cheese (10 bagles, 2 cream cheese)
- Orange Juice (1/2 gal)
- Coffee

#### **Morning 12**

- Pop Tarts (20)
- Granola Bars (20)
- Apples

### **APPENDIX 3. Power Bar Evaluation (Conducted on the Shakedown trip).**

SCORE PRICE NAME CAL FAT(SAT) CARBO PROT FIBER grams grams grams grams

31 \$1.40 Peanut Butter Cliff Bar 250 4(1) 45 10 8

30 \$1.29 Tiger's Milk Bar 145 5(1) 18 7 1

21 \$1.40 Chocolate Espresso Cliff Bar 250 2(0.5) 52 4 2

18 \$1.50 Apple Cinnamon Boulder Bar 190 2(0) 37 8 4

16 \$1.40 Dark Chocolate Cliff Bar 250 2(0.5) 52 5 5

16 \$1.30 Carob Cocoa Pemmican Bar 440 12(2) 68 16 7

15 \$1.59 Chocolate Power Bar 230 2(0.5) 45 10 3

13 \$1.30 Original Pemmican Bar 420 13(2) 59 17 9

5 \$1.50 Boulder Bar Original 200 3(1) 40 8 4

N/A \$0.16 Hudson Bay Bar (thin) 346 13(?) 41 6 ?

N/A \$0.16 Granola Bar 160 7(3) 23 2 2

#### Notes:

1. Opinion on the Chocolate Espresso Cliff Bar was strongly divided. Many liked it a lot, others couldn't stand it. There was a strong coffee taste. If we use it, we should provide an alternative for those not liking it.
2. The Tiger's Milk bar is kind of wimpy in calories, though it's OK in protein. We should plan on two per person if we use it.
3. The Pemmican bars give a bodacious amount of calories, from both fat and carbohydrates. They are also tops in protein and fiber. In other words they offer the most, nutritionally. Too bad they don't taste that great. Perhaps we should consider using the Carob Cocoa ones, especially on a really tough day.
4. Hudson Bay Bread ranks high in calories and is very inexpensive. Everyone likes it initially, but for some it grows tiresome.

#### Variations:

- 1) double maple flavoring
- 2) add extra Karo syrup for more chewiness
- 3) substitute maple flavoring with almond extract & 1 cup dried cherries
- 4)** substitute maple flavoring wvaith almond extract & 1 cup dried cher

### **APPENDIX 4. Hudson Bay Bread Recipe.**

- 1 1/2 LBS. MARGARINE OR BUTTER
- 4 CUPS SUGAR
- 2/3 CUPS KARO SYRUP
- 2/3 CUPS HONEY
- 2 TSP. MAPLE FLAVORING
- CREAM TOGETHER THE ABOVE INGREDIENTS
- ADD WHILE MIXING:
- 1 1/2 CUPS GROUND NUTS
- 19 CUPS OATMEAL

Spread in large sheet pan, 18 inches x 26 inches. Press it down into the pan. Bake at 325 degrees in a convection oven for 15 to 18 minutes. As soon as the bread has been taken from the oven, use a spatula to press it down. this presses the bread together to keep it from crumbling. cut it while still warm.

For home-size preparation, cut this recipe in half. In a conventional oven bake for 20 to 25 minutes.

We obtained this recipe on our Venture '96 trip last year. It was provided by the Boy Scout's Northern Tier High Adventure Base Camp on Moose Lake (Minnesota).

Variations we have tried include:

- 1) double the maple flavoring
- 2) double the Karo syrup for more chewiness
- 3) substitute 2 tsp almond extract and 1 c dried cherries for the maple flavoring
- 4) substitute 2 tsp vanilla extract and 1 c chocolate chips.

Also, thinner bars can be made by halving the recipe and baking in two 9 x 13 pans.

